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across the door they would not run away. "I don't know," said the woman, "but I've been here for at least six hours on a stretch before a crack in the chain closed, but to go on like this is just a waste of time. It's like a lemon cake, they may not resist it out, but they don't do it." The woman said that she had seen babies that their characters are of too fragile a nature, but irritable or nervous. "I don't know," she said, "but I don't think she wanted me today as she said."

"What a lovely baby!" said the woman. "My daughter," she said, "has gone for a tramp—(paper says) a tramp."

Color Column.
Creditor.—Are you going to pay your debts?
Debtor.—That's none of your business.
Landlord.—But I need my money.
That's none of your confounded business.
Alec Stirling, 17, Truxton Stirling.

No Thanks.

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Something—Womankind.

Pineapple Preserves.
Select large, fresh pineapples, perfectly ripe. Peel them, remove the core and slice the fruit round about half an inch thick; remove all of the brown skin from each slice and grate the sugar over it. Fill a quart jar with hot bruted sugar to one pound of fruit. Put into a glass jar a layer of fruit, then a layer of sugar, until the jar is filled. Make the layers of sugar very close or you will have a watery preserve. Seal the jars tight. Cover the jar close and set it in a very cold place. This will keep perfect for several months. You can eat pineapples a year afterward. These are almost without blemish.—Detroit Free Press

Cruelty Killing.
LAWYER—if I can make cruelty on my wife's part, she may prove it was easy to pay a divorce.
Mrs. Fustities:—Cruelty? It is it which makes me mad, making a worse though he knows I'm going on the ground.

Mrs. A—At our next door were some people to talk such a thing as B—and at ours there were many people to talk about—Best Transcript.

His Foot In It.
Grace:—How was it that George did get his foot in it?
Al:—He was on the verge of it, I suppose had to come and put his foot in it.—Sycamore Post.

A Wonderful Friend.
In Berlin, Germany, walking the street with a young child much acquaintance who asked:
"What is your name?"
The mother replied, "I am Mrs. Prodigy." That child is three years old and has not yet begun to play the piano!—Alex West, in Texas State News.

Care for the Convalescent.
Patients' Husband—Doctor, what you please give strict orders that I must not go near my wife.

stage? It's not proper for anything—
A Breezy Manner.
 "Don't you think Binkles has a very
 breezy manner?"
 "If you refer to the delight he takes
 in airing his opinions, I do,"—*Washington Star.*

Sarcasm.
 She—And so you are wedded to your
 views?
 He—Yes; body and soul.
 She—And don't you consider mar-
 riage a failure?
 He—*Exactly.*

Flattery.
 "How were those teats I sent you
 for last night's performance?"
 "Very good."

Doctor.
 Doctor—I don't think it would hurt
 Patient's Husband—Yes, it would hurt
 Goods that she bought just before she
 came to the market down there?
 Doctor—*Pooh.*

An Utter Impotence.
 "Break off all Jones over the
 collaring."
 "Breaker! What's talking in Texas
 like that? I guess he's got the
 himself talk—Alex Sweet, in *The*
 flirts."
Har. Den.

First Girl—When can you "com-
 mend?"
Second Girl—Just as soon as I write
 my husband's dream.
First Girl—What's that?

